Volume LXIX CHICAGO, AUGUST 15, 1912 Number 24

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Marching Down to Armageddon

Marching down to Armageddon—
  Brothers, stout and strong!
Let us cheer the way we tread on
  With a soldier's song!
Faint we by the weary road,
  Or fall we in the rout,
Dirge or paean, death or triumph!—
  Let the song ring out!

We are they who will not falter—
  Many swords or few—
Till we make this earth the altar
  Of a worship new;
We are they who will not take
  From palace, priest or code,
A meaner law than "Brotherhood"—
  A lower Lord than God.

Marching down to Armageddon—
  Brothers, stout and strong!
Ask not why the way we tread on
  Is so rough and long!
God will tell us when our spirits
  Grow to grasp His plan!
Let us do our part today—
  And help Him, helping man!

—*From "Armageddon," by Edwin Arnold.*

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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1912. NUMBER 23.

Not a life below the sun
But is precious—unto one!
Not an eye, however dull,
But seems—somewhere—beautiful;
Not a heart,—howe'er despised,
But it passioned for and prized.
Fool! who laughs at lack of graces,
Each man hath a many faces!
—*Edwin Arnold.*

UNITY will be glad to print any suggestions in answer to this interesting question sent us by a correspondent and an interested friend of UNITY:

"Will not Unity, sometime, tell us what to do with outgrown books? Books that the world has outgrown. For example: Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe, and all the multitude of books of that kind that seemed so valuable the last quarter of the last century. It seems sacreligious to make a bonfire of them and yet I need the shelf room for later books. How interesting it is to go over the crowded shelves and mark the books that have the elements of immortality, those which spoke in a certain measure for all time!

"Compare Adam Bede and Robert Elsmere. The problems and the solutions in the former are for all time, those of the latter book already are outgrown, although I confess I still read it every summer. It brings me into such pleasant company."

Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, the tireless advocate for peace and of woman's suffrage, for a long time president of the Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association, has a needed and timely word in the *Independent* concerning the militant method of the sisters across the sea. Under the title of "Violence and Votes," she says in part:

Criticism of any of those who are zealous for one's own cause is not easy nor pleasant; but, as Arnold of Rugby well said, "The measure of my love for any insitution is the measure of my desire to make it better," so we suffragists may gauge our love for our just cause by our desire to purge it of every feature that is unworthy. At a time when the world generally is working to supplant the hoary old methods of force by the methods of law and order, it is singularly untimely for a cause which has been peculiarly based on right reason and right feeling to seek to reverse the process; and it is doubly culpable for those seeking to do this to fortify their conduct by a false appeal to history.

The *Pittsburg Press* thinks that no president ever occupied the chair who has done so much to bring about international peace and abolish war and its iniquities as President Taft. We hope that this is true though we wonder how one remembering the pacific impulses, negotiations and diplomacies of Abraham Lincoln under such dire stress of military ambitions and necessities, and the splendid emphasis on simple living and official directness away from the "fuss and feathers" which constitutes the major part of army and navy assets of Grover Cleveland can say this. Be that as it may, even under this pacific administration, the United States Bureau of Education reports that war and the expenses of keeping up the army and navy in this time of profound peace is the cause of half of the present cost of living. The details of this arithmetic of war should be more carefully studied and persistently analyzed.

The Iowa Unitarian Conference is forehanded in preparing its program for its October meeting. One interesting topic to be discussed is the following: "Is It Possible To Make the Ethics of Jesus the Controlling Principle in Modern Life?" The discussion is to be divided into the following sub-topics: 1. The Statement of the Historical Problem. 2. Tolstoy's Answer. 3. Neitzsche's Answer. 4. The Conventional Answer of the Church. 5. The Kingdom of God. We can almost anticipate the drift of the discussion and the unanimous conclusion arrived at in the conference room. The question really at issue is, not is it possible, but granting the possibility, is it probable that the problem will be carried beyond discussion into practise. If not, why not? If the application is to be made, it would seem as though those who take the affirmative in the discussion ought to take the initiative into practice.

The address given by James A. MacDonald, managing editor of the *Toronto Globe,* at Carnegie Hall, New York, on Sunday evening, April 21st, filling the place of W. T. Stead, who went down with the Titanic, is published in the pamphlet series issued quarterly by the World Peace Foundation of Boston in the July issue. This friend of the eminent journalist, himself a journalist of international fame, said: "Mr. Stead, had he been spared, might have made us face the awful facts of war, and he might have heartened us with the confident Evangel of Peace." He also said:

Mr. Stead might have made us face the growingly conspicuous fact of war's intolerable burden. At a ratio simply appalling the resources of the nations are being absorbed by expenditures on armaments and by the interest on war debts. Were we capable of appreciating its enormity, we would be staggered by the fact that last year's account for armies and navies for the civilized world reached $2,250,000,000; or by the fact that the ten chief military nations maintained in their armies 4,200,000 men at a net cost to the people of $295 per man; or by the fact that last year Great Britain expended on her army and navy $341,820,000, Germany very little less, Russia even more than Germany, and even a peaceful people, like those of the United States, paid for their army and navy more than $283,000,000 in one year.

The Western Unitarian Conference, the monthly organ of the organization of the same name, is to be merged with the *Unitarian Advance,* a monthly published in New York City. Twice the *Old and New,* the organ of the Iowa Unitarians, has been carried to Chicago and twice it has gone back, and now the Iowa friends have to face the question once more. Will they send their little bantling, the most persistent, the longest lived of such local sheets that we know of, on to New York, or will they call it home and begin again? Itching for *local* news organs in the interest of cherished causes is very natural. The assumption that there is a large amount of missionary power in the news gossip incident to such work and workers is perhaps always in danger of being exaggerated. Surely the number of journals that have died an early death in the interest of the Unitarian cause in the country, particularly in the Middle West, during the thirty-four years of UNITY's life is pathetic. UNITY has welcomed them at their birth, has mourned over them at their death. Perhaps after all the principle of conservation of resources by concentration of energies has something to do with religious papers as with other things.

Baroness Bertha von Suttner, whose presence in America as yet has been too little recognized by the press, and who has been too seldom heard by the people on open platforms, is not "a prophet without honor in her own country." Last April the Austrian Peace Society organized the "Suttner League" for the purpose of strengthening and perpetuating the life work of this Harriet Beecher Stowe of the peace movement. Her "Ground Arms" is the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that reaches the heart of the problem, it disintegrates the pride in the trappings of war and weakens the martial spirit. This movement has the support of the most eminent men and women of Europe, among whom are Elizabeth, queen of Roumania; Ferdinand, king of Bulgaria; the late King Frederick of Denmark, Bjornson of Norway and Tolstoi of Russia. We trust that the Baroness' visit to America will be the means of awakening the interest and deepening the enthusiasm among the *un*clubbed and *un*organized, plain people of America. A goodly number of engagements have been made with women's clubs in Chicago and other leading cities of America. This is an opportunity for these women's clubs to demonstrate their public spirit and to justify their existence by using their organizations directly in carrying the Baroness' message, not behind closed doors to themselves and invited guests, but on the most effective platforms available with open doors and free admittance, where their husbands and their sons, and their brothers and beaus, will have a chance to hear and to see this missionary of a great cause who has come a great ways in the service of the world.

Mr. Edwin Ginn, the wealthy publisher, is best known for his great enthusiasm in the cause of peace and his million-dollar endowment of the World Peace Foundation, but he illustrates the principle too little recognized in the psychology of ethics, that high earnestness and noble enthusiasm in one direction mellows, broadens, strengthens life in every direction. So we are not surprised, but not on that account less delighted, to read in the *Boston Herald* of the "Charlesbank Homes" founded by Mr. Ginn. It is described as a great building, situated on the shores of the Charles with a beautiful outlook, containing more than one hundred apartments of two, three and four rooms, with plenty of light and air in each. The building is absolutely fire-proof and with the most thorough sanitary arrangements known to architects. These apartments are for working people and families of small means at low rentals. It is worthy of note further that being a millionaire only gives another added grace and power to a philanthropist. The implication is that there are to be profits in the rentals of this building, but Mr. Ginn does not propose to put the profits in his own pocket, but they are to be applied in the erection of similar apartments and the further extension of the blessing of good homes to working people. This item from the Boston paper affords us another opportunity to insist in the columns of UNITY that the next great step in the municipal development, as well as in the elevation of the working class, is just this architectural reform. The old "rookeries" that violate all the ordinances of the city and of God must be burned down by municipal authority, rendering only such compensation to the owner of such vicious property as a high-minded commission will decree under the law of eminent domain, and then let the vigilant oversight of city and public sentiment see to it that no buildings will be permitted to take their place except such as conform to the ordinances of the city as well as the ordinances of God, as interpreted by the highest sanitary and social science. And if private capital is too sordid and distrustful, then municipalities must enter into this neglected opportunity and high necessities.

The report of the "Committee on Insular Affairs," submitted by the chairman, Congressman Jones of Virginia, to the House of Representatives on April 26th last, is published in a Congressional pamphlet of eighteen pages, and should be studied by every friend of the United States as well as friends of the Filipino. Mr. Jones, who has served on this committee since 1899, has given the most careful study of the subject on

the ground as well as at Washington. He speaks with great clearness, not only of the desire on the part of the Filipinos for independence, but of their capacity for self-government, their experience in this direction in the past, etc. He also shows how the retention of the Philippines is repugnant to Republican ideals and disastrous to American interests. The United States has already spent within the last ten years upwards of ten million dollars on the construction of fortifications alone in the far-off islands of the Pacific. Last year it maintained an army of upwards of seventeen thousand, over twelve thousand of which were American citizens, serving in a foreign, and to a degree, inhospitable clime. Each soldier is maintained there at an estimated cost of fifteen hundred dollars a year. This report discusses the feasibility of neutralization and offers a parallel case in the independent monarchy of Siam. Siam represents a population of a little less than the Philippines. It has various dialects and even conflicting religions, and yet, says the report:

> This non-Christian country, with no standing army, has never fallen a victim to any land-grabbing nation. And although the percentage of illiteracy is far greater in Siam —it being 90 per cent—than in the Philippines, it maintains a stable as well as an independent government.

Here is a document of great political significance, one that bears profoundly, one way or another, upon the presidential campaign. The candidates should be closely questioned and their answers should be unequivocal as to what their attitude is to be concerning the continued militant domination of these islands, containing nearly eight million souls, the larger part of which are professed Christians. This question is so closely connected with the military question that it is another reason why we should know what position these candidates are to take concerning the reduction of the army and navy, the disarmament and pacification of the nations; not their Sunday rhetoric, for there is but one Sabbath-day position among civilized people, but their week-day action. What are we of the United States going to do about it? right now and right here? "If there is to be war let it begin here," said Captain Parker on the Lexington Green in 1776. In his spirit, with the same patriotism, we want a president who will say: "If there is to be peace, let it begin now and here."

> "Transfused through you, O mountain friends!
> With mine your solemn spirit blends.
> And life no more hath separate ends.
> I read each misty mountain sign,
> I know the voice of wave and pine,
> And I am yours, and ye are mine,
> Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
> I lapse into the glad release
> Of nature's own exceeding peace."
>
> —*Whittier.*

Can A Newspaper Be Both Honest and Prosperous?

The University of Wisconsin has once more set the pace for its associate institutions. When it summoned a Journalistic Conference to discuss the questions related to the fundamental life and usefulness of the newspaper, it touched another live wire that tingled with popular interest. It certainly brought the University to the people in a new and vital way. The conference, which lasted for the better part of the week, has been pronounced, as might be expected, a great success. The attendance was representative and large. The questions discussed were vital and the parties engaged in the discussion were men and women of national note,—those who are doing things in journalistic lines.

The most absorbing theme seems to have been that indicated in our title: Can a journal be honest and at the same time be made to pay? We trust that the full proceedings will ultimately be embodied in a pamphlet that those most concerned will have an opportunity of studying the discussion deliberately and in detail. As might be expected, the representatives of prosperous papers were confident that prosperity and truthfulness were congenial neighbors in the journalistic world.

So much goes to make up a prosperous newspaper, which has come to be more and more a matter of daily issue, that it is hardly profitable to discuss the question in the abstract. There is no other calling today that gives as much room, or as prompt reward, to genius as journalism, and genius of course is effective under any conditions. It was admitted, we suspect, by all parties concerned, that no publication, daily, weekly, or monthly, can be made prosperous by its subscription list. Prosperity always comes through the advertisers, and the real question at issue is, how far a journal can speak its convictions on high questions, even tell the whole truth as it sees it on hot questions, and still retain enough of that patronage of the advertising world as will spell prosperity. If the field is wide enough, the management in other directions efficient enough, of course, it goes without the saying, that there will be advertising patrons enough who will be willing to either endorse or endure editorial idiosyncrasies, and still, for profit's sake, continue their advertising. But anybody who is acquainted at all with metropolitan journals knows how domineering the counting room is over the editorial room. A journal, be it daily, weekly, or monthly, may prosper by telling the truth, but not if it tells *all the truth* as it sees it, concerning any of the questions that vitally touch the religious prejudices, the political preferences, or the moneyed interests of the constituency. When these are touched, there will be trouble. Let those who

doubt this try to get a fair and full statement of the facts, much less a free discussion, of problems involved in a great labor strike in a large city; or, let a paper in the South try to discuss freely and unbiasedly the color question; or a paper in the North commit itself frankly o nthe side of local option, and still worse, state-wide prohibition; or, let the questions of religion be discussed from a non-orthodox standpoint; still worse, let the editor commit himself to the cause o fsingle-tax or socialism, and it will not be long before the editorial department will hear the ringing of the manager's bell—John Ruskin's experience as a notable case in point. There is a vast amount of editorial and repertorial wisdom, sagacity, insight and positive knowledge, that would be of immense value to the public, being blue-penciled before it gets into the columns of the prosperous newspaper. Putting it as mildly as possible, a paper can afford to lose a subscriber here and there, or even many subscribers, for opinion's sake, for, for every subscriber lost for want of sympathy, there lurks somewhere perhaps two to take his place; but the business house that takes the page-advertising in the Sunday issue, the State Street backing for Chicago, and the equivalent in other cities, is decisive.

When the advertising is recognized as an indispensible element, aye, the chief element in journalistic prosperity, the sad admission is made. The ultimate question in journalistic ethics is not how to hold the advertisers and at the same time be honest, but how to lift journalism above the need of advertising, indeeed separate this disturbing element from the realm of journalism. We hope that the next Journalistic Conference that will be held under the auspices of the University of Wisconsin, or some other University, will grapple fundamentally with the whole problem of advertising and advertisements. There is great need of academic study of this problem. Such a study will reach deep into the psychological, ethical, and economic value of the whole advertising activity. The immense money invested in this industry comes ultimately from the consumer, an immense proportion of which comes from the consumer of unnecessary or mentricous articles. Advertising reaches its highest efficiency in persuading people to buy what they don't need, or in quantities and at times that they ought not to afford. The cost of living problem, the debt problem and the cut-throat competitive problem, are all involved in this debauchery of the advertising columns. Innocent, weak, ignorant people are made drunk with printers' ink.

Cut out the advertisement from journalistic interests and duties and we lift journalism at once into a high profession, the support of which must come as the support of Universities, churches, libraries, and art galleries comes, either as a direct public tax like the school, state university and library, or from large accumulative endowments, like universities, hospitals, etc. Such an emancipation of the journalists will of course bring about great unifications, effective mergings and specializations. The government, state and nation, the university,—and the various specialized organizations, are already doing a large amount of high journalistic work which only needs to be popularized in form and material to command a reading that will inspire the confidence of readers beyond anything at present realized by private corporations who run papers and magazines for a living. We refer, of course, to the various "proceedings," "bulletins," "reports" and research work as is carried on by the organizations alluded to.

Let no one dismiss this suggestion as Utopian in the presence of the demonstration of the University of Wisconsin. It has accomplished so much already along these lines that even the skeptic may well hold his pessimism in abeyance.

Meanwhile, we have too many papers, consequently too many poorly paid editors and their staffs, too little independence and the journalistic world is too much in the power of the advertiser. Much has been done of late in purging the advertising columns of the positive frauds and poisons in the way of patent medicines and similar leaks and leeches, but the time is coming when the foolish, unnecessary, and wasteful things will be denied that semblance of respectability by stating their claims in flamboyant colors in the columns of respectable journals.

Geer's "Fifty Years in Oregon"*

Few states have a more specific character than Oregon; few have a more romantic past. None perhaps excels her in substantial natural resources; none has made a more wholesome progress. She has never been *boomed,* yet she has steadily drawn upon the older states—and still draws. A constant stream of persons flows thither from Wisconsin, Illinois and other north-middle states; and these persons stay there. Yet we hear far more of Washington and California; for one mention of Oregon, we find dozens of her aggressive neighbors.

Governor Geer has just written an interesting book of reminiscence, *Fifty Years in Oregon.* Its writing began upon the sixtieth anniversary of his birth. He was born in Oregon, of parents who "crossed the plains in 1847, yet single people." In his book he gives first actually pioneer material antedating his own experiences, and then the personal incidents of his own useful life. His style is simple and direct, straightfor-

ward and frank; he has dry humor and loves to tell a story. He loves and honors Oregon. He has not often been outside the state and in that very fact exemplifies a characteristic of its inhabitants. Oregon is good enough for them. Some of the history Geer gives us has been already told, but for the most of us it is new and when not actually new will bring back with force things which we have forgotten. Do we realize the heroism of the old days of "crossing the plains"? The Oregon country made its appeal before California; pioneers were on the trail thither before the days of '49. Geer's own parents went out two years before that; F. X. Matthieu (still living) in 1842 found missionaries and Hudson Bay Company employers on the ground. Oregon's appeal was to the farmer and its early immigration came from the farms of Ohio and Missouri and Iowa. The immigrants were all of a kind and herein lies the startling contrast between Oregon and California. It has always been farmers who drifted to Oregon; men of all vocations rushed to California drawn by the lure of gold. And in development the many men of many minds have produced the diversified interests and industries of California, while the uniform farming population has given Oregon its definite stamp as agricultural. Geer himself has been a farmer all his life; he has also been a politician. And in his biography, anecdote, history, autobiography, almost every man who during the last half century has played a part in public life in Oregon comes in for a share of comment, of praise or blame. Oregon has been active, too: she has figured in crises; she decided the Hayes-Tilden contest; she grapples independently with problems; she has mothered reform movements. Governor Pennoyer, Senator Mitchell, Johnathan Bourne are Oregon products in politics, and Gov. Geer's chats and stories deal with these men and other farmer legislators and politicians of his state. The book will have a warm local reception. It deserves a more than local reading. It is a record which will interest and instruct regarding one of our great commonwealths, which is destined to a great future.

FREDERICK STARR.

"For myself alone I doubt;
All is well, I know, without;
I alone the beauty mar,
I alone the music jar.
Yet, with hands by evil stained,
And an ear by discord pained,
I am groping for the keys
Of the heavenly harmonies;
Still within my heart I bear
Love for all things good and fair."
—*Whittier.*

---

*Fifty Years in Oregon. T. T. Geer. New York: 1912. The Neal Publishing Co. 8 pp. 536. Price $3.00 net.

Mrs. Fast and Peter Nord

BY SELMA LAGERLOF.
DEDICATED TO JENKIN LLOYD JONES BY THE TRANSLATOR, AXEL LUNDEBERG.

II.

The Lord Giveth the Word; great is the company of those that publish it. Psalm lxviii.

Edith Halfvorson still stayed with her uncle, but she was in poor health. Her lungs were weak ever since she was down with pneumonia last winter.

While Peter Nord listened to this and much more, his three companions stood waiting outside.

In Halfvorson's sunny garden a bower of birch trees had been erected for Edith, so as to enable her to stay out in the open air during the beautiful, warm spring days. While she was slow in regaining her strength, there was no immediate danger for her life.

Some people seem to be so constituted as not to care whether they live or die. At their first encounter with an illness they lay down and expire.

Halfvorson's niece had long ago tired of everything, of the office, of the little dark store, of money-making. At seventeen she had felt a desire to surround herself with a circle of good friends. She then engaged in the arduous task of keeping Halfvorson in the narrow path of righteousness. But now everything was accomplished. No possibility of ever getting out of the rut of the monotonous village life could she perceive. She might as well die.

She had an elastic nature. There was something of a steel-spring in her. She was a bundle of nerves and pent-up energy when something oppressed or restrained her. How she had worked and plotted and acted, with feminine kindness and womanly spite until she had gotten her uncle so far as to understand that no Peter Nord stories would do any more! When he at last was tamed and conquered, there was nothing more to arouse her interest. And still death would not come! She was constantly thinking of what she should do when she had recovered.

Suddenly, she startled at the sound of a voice saying that he alone would settle with Halfvorson. And then another had answered: "Go ahead, Peter Nord!"

But was not Peter Nord the most terrible, the most ill-boding name in the world? Did it not portend the resuscitation of the old stories? Edith rose shuddering just as the three ruffians emerged from behind the corner and stood staring at her. Only a low fence and a thin hedge separated her from the street.

Edith was alone. The maidens had gone to milk the cows, and Halfvorson was working in his garden in the outskirts of the town, though he had told his clerk to say that he had gone away, for he was ashamed of his hobby.

Edith grew much frightened when she saw the three men and the one who had entered the store. She felt sure that they were intent upon harming her. And she began running up the mountain along the slippery, steep paths and little decaying wooden steps which led from terrace to terrace.

It was capital fun for the strangers to see her run

away from them. They could not help acting as if they intended to catch her. One of them climbed up on the fence and all three began shouting wildly at the top of their voices.

Edith ran as one runs in a dream, panting, stumbling, scared to death, seized with a terrible sensation of being nailed to the ground and unable to move. All kinds of impressions crowded in upon her and frightened her so that she felt as if about to die. Indeed, if one of those ruffians laid hand on her, she knew that she should die. Having reached the highest terrace she dared to stop and look back, and saw the men still standing on the street not even caring to look at her. She threw herself down on the ground, perfectly exhausted. But her exertion had been greater than she could stand. She felt something bursting within her, and all of a sudden blood began gushing out from her mouth.

She was found by the milkmaids on their way home from the pasture. She was almost dying. Life conquered at last, but no one dared to hope that she could live very long.

She was not able to tell that day what had frightened her. Had she done so, the strange visitors might not have left the village alive. They fared ill enough anyway. For when Peter Nord came out from the store and told them that Halfvorson was not at home, all four of them left the town in brotherly good-will and lay down on a sunny hill, where they could while away time in sleep until the merchant returned.

But in the evening, when the men of the village returned home from their work in the fields, the women told them of the visit of the ruffians, of their threatening questions in the store where they had bought beer, and of their bold deportment. The women made it still worse by exaggerating it, for they had been staying at home all day gossiping and had worked themselves into a frenzy. The men believed their houses and homes jeopardized. They decided to catch the disturbers of the peace, selected a bold man for their leader, armed themselves with big sticks and marched off in search of the gang. The whole village was afire. The women crowded on the porches and added fuel to the flame. It was an hour of excitement and expectation.

The man-hunters were not long in returning with their prey. They had got all four of them. They had found them asleep and caught them. That deed required no heroism. Now they brought them back to the village, driving them as if they had been so many beasts. The insane thirst for revenge had taken possession of the victorious crowd. They lashed just for the fun of it. If one of the captives happened to lift his clenched fist, he would get a blow in the head so that he tumbled over, and then new blows would hail around his ears, until he rose and walked on. The four men were almost dead.

It is so lovely to read about such things in the old story books! The captured hero sometimes has to walk in chains in his conquering enemy's triumphal march. But he is still proud and handsome in defeat. And the eyes of the admiring crowd are directed just as much at him as at the fortunate victor. The tears and laurel wreaths that beauty bestows are his, and he is still enviable in misfortune.

But who could feel any enthusiasm for poor Peter Nord? His coat was torn and his flaxen hair entangled and bespattered with blood-clots. He received most of the blows, for he made a more violent resistance than the others. It was terrible to look at him. He looked like a fright. He roared unconsciously. Boys clung to him, and he dragged them along with him for several blocks. Once he stopped and shook off the small intruders. Just as he was about to escape his head was hit by a blow of a stick and he fell to the pavement. He started up again almost senseless and stumbled on, while blow upon blow hailed down on him and the boys clung like leeches to his arms and legs.

They met the old judge returning from his whist party in the inn-keeper's garden. "Well," he said to the vanguard, "well, you are taking them to jail, aren't you?"

And he placed himself at the head of the crowd, restoring order with his commanding voice. For a moment everything looked well. Captives and guards marched on in peaceful order. But the cheeks of the villagers were flushed and red; some pounded the pavement with their sticks, while others shouldered theirs as guns. And thus the prisoners of the village were delivered to the police and the marshall and taken to the jail at the market place.

The defenders of home and hearth remained for a good while in the market place talking about their valor and of their great deed. And down in the private room at the inn, where clouds of tobacco-smoke darken the air and mighty men mix their midnight toddy, the deeds of the day are rehearsed, magnified and enlarged. Then the heroes of the rocking chairs and sofa-corners grow and swell. What a latent energy is slumbering in the little village with the great and glorious past! Oh, thou terrible inheritance, thou old Viking blood!

The old judge did not like this accident. He could not stand to see the old Viking blood begin to boil again. And the thought thereof kept him awake. He dressed and went out in the street, walking slowly toward the market place.

The little village lay enwrapped in the mild twilight of the vernal night. The only hand of the old steeple-clock pointed to eleven. The balls had ceased rolling in the bowling alley. The shades were dropped. The houses seemed to have closed their eyelids in sleep. The sombre slopes of the steep mountains appeared black as draped in a mourning veil. But when everything else slept there was something that was awake: —the fragrance of the flowers did not sleep. It floated over the linden hedges, it evaporated from the gardens, it chased up and down the street, climbed up to every window that was ajar, every casement that sucked in fresh air.

Everyone who inhaled the fragrance of the flowers saw at once before him the whole little village, though it lay enshrouded in darkness. He saw it as the village of flowers, not as a town of houses, but of gardens. He saw the cherry-trees spanning their white vaults over the steep path through the woods; he saw the lilac-clusters, the buds swelling with magnificent roses, the proud peonies and the drifts of white blossoms on the ground under the cherry-trees.

The old judge walked in deep thought. He was so wise and so old! Seventy years had he completed, and for fifty years he had held the fate of the village in his hands. But to-night he asked himself if he had been right in checking and calming down. "I have had the village in my hands," he thought, "but I have not made anything great out of it." And as he recalled its great

past, he became more uncertain whether he had done right.

He was standing down at the market place, where one has a free view over the river. A boat came rowing. Some of the villagers were returning home from an excursion. Girls in white dresses swung the oars. They steered in under the vaults of the bridge, but there the violent current hurled them back. A hot struggle ensued. Their lithe bodies turned backward until they lay on a level with the boat-railing. Weak arm-muscles were strained. The oars bent as bows. Noisy laughter and gay exclamations filled the air. Time and again the current conquered. The poor boat was mercilessly tossed back. And when the girls at last had to land at the market quay and leave it to the men to take the boat home, how red they were and how excited and how they laughed! And how their merry laughter resounded down the street! How their broad-brimmed, white hats, their light fluttering summer-dresses brightened up the sunless night! Then their sweet young faces, their pretty sparkling eyes and red lips hovered in imagination before the eyes of the old judge, for in the twilight he could not plainly discern them. Then he proudly raised his head. The little village did not lack its glory. Other towns could boast of other things, but no other place had such an abundance of fragrant flowers and alluring and captivating women.

The old man then thought of his life work with newborn courage. No danger about the future of that village!

And mercy on the poor prisoners filled his heart to overflowing. He called on the village marshal, awakening him, and had a talk with him. And the marshal was of one mind with him. Both of them went to the prison and opened the gates for Peter Nord and his companions.

And the authorities did right. For the little village resembles the Melian Aphrodite. It has a bewitching fragrance, and it lacks arms to hold one fast.

III.

I feel as if I should have to leave the real world and flee to fairyland and to the world of impossibilities when relating what now happened. If young Peter Nord had been Per the Swineherd with a golden crown under his hat, everything would have appeared simple and natural. But now, will anyone believe me if I say that Peter Nord, too, wore a regal ring around his flaxen hair? Who knows how many marvelous things might happen in the little village? Who knows how many enchanted princesses go there waiting for the adventurous shepherd boy?

At first it looked as if there was not going to be any further adventure. For when Peter Nord was set free by the old judge and for the second time had to flee from the village in shame and disgrace, the same thoughts took possession of him as when he fled the first time. Then the polka tunes again re-echoed in his ears, and loudest of them all sounded the old ring-dance:

Now it's Yule again,
Now it's Yule again,
And after Yule comes Easter.
But that ain't true at all,
But that ain't true at all,
For after Yule comes fasting.

And he saw plainly sallow-faced Mrs. Fast stalking over the earth with her scourge under her arm. And she cried to him: "Spendthrift, spendthrift! You desired to celebrate the feast of revenge and retribution such expensive pastimes, you fool?"

Then he again swore her allegiance and became a quiet and economical laboring man. Again he stood peacefully and self-controlled at his work. No one could believe that it was he who had howled in rage and thrown the small boys to the pavement as the hunted elk shakes off the dogs.

But a few days later Halfvorson called on him in the shop. He came to see him at the request of his niece. She wished to speak to him, if possible, the very same day.

Peter Nord began to shiver and tremble when he saw Halfvorson. He felt as if he had seen a slippery snake. He did not know what he should prefer to do—thrash him or run away from him; but then he saw that Halfvorson looked very much downcast.

The merchant looked like one who had been exposed to a very severe storm. Every muscle in his face was strained, his mouth was tightly closed, his eyes red and tear-stained. A cyclone was apparently raging within him, his eyesuic cmfwy mfwyp fwyp raging within him. The only thing that reminded of his old self was his voice. It was just as inhuman and monotonous as ever.

"You need not be afraid of that old story, nor of the new one, either," said Halfvorson. "Everybody knows that you were in company with those men who made so much fuss in our village the other day. And, as we supposed them to have come from here, I could easily find you. Edith will soon die," he continued, his whole face quivering under the strain of violent emotions. "She wants to speak to you before she passes away. But we mean no harm to you."

"Yes, I will come," said Peter Nord.

Soon both of them were aboard the steamer. Peter Nord sat there dressed up in his new Sunday suit. And under his hat all his youthful dreams played and smiled, and formed a real regal ring under his flaxen hair. Edith's message made him really giddy. Had he not always thought that high-toned ladies should fall in love with him? And now one of them was anxious to see him before she died. The most wonderful of everything that was wonderful! Now he sat thinking of her as she used to be. How proud, how full of life! And now she was about to die. He became heartbroken for her sake. She had been thinking of him all these years! He fell into a warm, sweet reverie.

Again the old madcap Peter Nord came to the front. As soon as he approached the village Mrs. Fast turned away from him in disgust and contempt.

Halfvorson could not stand still even for a moment. The severe internal storm, which he alone noticed, drove him to and fro across the deck. In passing Peter he muttered a couple of words, from which he could understand along what paths his anxious thoughts were traveling.

"They found her on the ground, almost dead—lying in a pool of blood," he said once. And another time: "Was she not good though? Was she not pretty? How could I stand to see her spend the whole day in sorrow and stain the cashbook with her tears?" And then again: "A foxy lass, anyway. Insinuated herself into my heart. Made the home attractive to me. Introduced me to the high-toned ones. I understood her ways, all right, but I could not resist her." He strag-

gled on to the prow of the boat. Upon returning, he said: "I cannot stand to think that she is going to die."

And all this was uttered with that helpless voice which he could neither moderate nor bend. Peter Nord felt with pride that such a man as he, who wore the regal ring around his forehead, had no right to be angry with Halfvorson. Was he not isolated from the rest of mankind by his defective hearing, and was it not hard for him to win their love? That is why he treated everybody as an enemy. It was not fair to apply the same standard to him as to other people.

But Peter Nord again sank into the realm of dreams. She then had been thinking of him all these years, and now she could not die until she had seen him. Oh, just think of it! A young lady had all these years been dreaming about him, loved him, missed him.

No sooner had they landed and reached the merchant's house than he was conducted to Edith, who sat waiting for him in the bower.

The happy Peter Nord had no need of any one waking him from his dreams when he saw her. She was a pretty fairy, this girl, who was fading away almost as fast as the rootless birch trees around her. Her large eyes had become darker and clearer. Her hands were so thin and transparent that you would almost fear to touch this form of spiritualized matter.

And it was she who loved him. He must, of course, return her love deeply, dearly, devoutly! It was heaven, after so many years, to again feel one's frozen heart warmed at the sight of a fellow being.

He stopped at the entrance to the bower, his eyes, heart and brain burning with the most intense activity. Seeing him standing there staring at her she began to smile with one of the most desperate smiles in the world, this smile of the sick which says: "See, what has become of me! Do not count on me! I cannot be pretty and pleasant any more. I shall soon die."

This brought him back to the real world. He saw that he did not have to do with a vision but with a soul about to fly away, and who, therefore, had made the walls of her prison so frail and transparent. Now his whole face and manner of grasping Edith's hand showed how he suffered with her, how the sad thought that she was about to die made him forget everything else, and the sick girl began to feel the same pity for herself and the tears came to her eyes.

Oh, how he pitied her from the first moment he saw her. He understood at once that she was trying to conceal her emotions. It was, of course, touching for her to see him again, after having missed him so long, but her weakness betrayed her. She did not want him to notice it, of course. And then he opened the conversation by introducing a childish subject.

"Do you know what became of my white mice?" he said.

She looked at him admiringly. It was as if he would pave the way for her. "I let them out in the store," she said. "They have got along all right."

"You don't say! Are they still there?"

"Halfvorson says that he never gets rid of Peter Nord's mice. They have wreaked vengeance on him, you know," she said, smiling.

"It was an excellent stock," said Peter Nord with pride.

The conversation ceased for awhile. Edith's eyes closed as if she needed rest, and he maintained a respectful silence. His last reply she did not understand. He had not taken up the subject of revenge. When he began to talk about the mice, she had thought that he had understood what she intended to tell him.

Did she not know that he had come there a couple of weeks ago to take vengeance? Poor Peter Nord! Many times she had wondered what had happened to him. Many a night the howl of the frightened boy had haunted her in her dreams. It was, to a certain extent, due to him and her fear of having to live through such a night again, that she had begun to reform her uncle, made the home a real home for him, let the lonely one feel the consolation of having a sympathetic friend around him. Again her fate was closely linked to that of Peter Nord. His revengeful visitation had frightened her almost to death. No sooner had she recovered her strength after that severe attack than she had asked Halfvorson to trace him.

And now Peter Nord sat there thinking that it was for love she had called him. How could he know that she believed him revengeful, rough, fallen, a drunkard and a fighter? He, who was a model for his comrades in the shop, how could he suspect that she had called him to preach morality and good behavior to him, to tell him, if nothing else availed: "Look at me, Peter Nord! Your insane lust for revenge is the cause of my death. Remember this and begin a new life!"

He had come in the splendor of youthful vitality and roseate dreams to celebrate a feast of love, and she lay there thinking of how to thrust him down in the dark pit of regret.

But the glitter of the regal ring that sparkled before her eyes made her thoughtful, so that she decided first to question him.

"But, Peter Nord, was it really you, who was here with those three ruffians?"

He blushed and stood looking at the ground. And then he had to tell her the whole story about that crusade of revenge and its ignominious end. First how cowardly slow he had been to seek justice, and how he had gone only when forced, and then how he had been whipped and licked instead of doing the licking himself. He dared not look up, he dared not expect that these mild eyes should judge him too leniently. He felt how he now was divesting himself of all the glory, wherein she must have clothed him in her dreams.

"But, Peter Nord, was it really you who had met Halfvorson?" asked Edith when he was through.

His head dropped deeper. "I saw him all right," he said. "He had not gone away. He was working in his garden in the outskirts of the town. The clerk in the store told me all about it."

"Well, why did you not take revenge?" said Edith.

There was no escape for him. He felt her piercing eyes riveted at him, and began obediently: "When the men had lain down to sleep on a hill, I went alone to find Halfvorson, for I wanted to meet him alone. I saw him busy poling a field of peas. A pouring rain must have fallen the previous night, for the pease-halm had been whipped down to the ground, some of the leaves were lashed into shreds, while others were stained with wet clay. It was like a hospital, and Halfvorson was the doctor. He raised them so tenderly, scratched off the mud, and helped the poor little sprouts to grasp the supporting branches. I

stood looking at it, I did. He could not hear me, of course, and he had no time to look around. I tried to control my temper. But what should I do? I could not go at him as long as he was busy with the peas. I will bide my time, I thought."

"But then he straightened himself up, put his hands to his forehead and ran to the hothouse. Then he opened the windows and peeped in, and I did so, too, for he seemed to be in the utmost despair. Indeed, it was bad enough. He had forgotten to shut the blinds, and it must have been awfully hot under the windows. The cucumbers were lying there half dead, and gasping for breath; some leaves were scorched and others were hanging down. I got so interested myself that I became less cautious, and Halfvorson caught sight of my shadow. 'Listen now, take the water pail, which stands there beside the asparagus beds, and run down to the river for some water,' he said without looking up. He probably thought it was the hired man. And I ran."

"Did you, Peter Nord?"

"Yes, I did, for why should the cucumbers suffer on account of our old feud? While I thought it was a weakness on my part, still I could not help it. I was anxious to see if they would revive. Upon my return he had lifted off the windows and stood staring, still full of despair. I handed him the pail and he began sprinkling them. The good effects were not slow in appearing. I could almost see them raise their heads, and he must have thought the same, for he began to smile. Then I ran away."

"Did you run, Peter Nord, did you really run?" said Edith, raising herself up in her invalid chair.

"I did not have the heart to hit him," said Peter Nord.

This confession made the lustre that surrounded poor Peter Nord's head appear still more brilliant to Edith. It was not necessary then to thrust him down in the pit of remorse, with the heavy load of consciousness of his sinfulness tied around his neck! This was the kind of a man he was then! Such a tenderhearted and sensitive man. She reclined in her chair, closed her eyes and meditated. There was no need of her telling him what she had intended. She was struck with surprise, for she felt it a relief not to have to cause him sorrow.

"I am so glad that you have abandoned all thought of revenge," she began kindly. "That was just what I had intended to ask of you. Now I can die in peace."

He gasped for breath. She was not harsh. She did not look as if she had deceived herself about him. Her love for him must be very strong since she could overlook all this cowardice. For her saying that she had called him to ask him to abandon all thought of revenge was only a pretense. She was too bashful, of course, to admit the real reason for wanting to see him. And she was right about that. He, who was a man, ought to be the first one to confess.

"How can they let you die?" he exclaimed. "Halfvorson and all the rest of them! How can they do it? If I were here, I should forbid you to die. I should give you all my strength. I should take all your suffering on me."

"I suffer no severe pains," she said, smiling at promises so bold.

"I am just thinking that I should like to carry you away with me as a poor little bird shivering in the cold, hide you under my waistcoat as a young squirrel. Think what a pleasure it would be, if something so warm and soft was waiting for me at home. But if you were well, there would be so many . . . ."

She looked at him tired and surprised, ready to show him his right place. But she might still have seen a glimmer of those bewitching garlands from dreamland encircling his head like a glorious halo, for the tenderness, the pity, the poor laboring man did not mean anything, anyway. He had to speak that way. For he was not like other men.

"Oh," she said, indifferently, "there aren't so many of them, Peter Nord. Hardly any one of them has meant it earnestly."

But now things began to come his way again. In her heart awakened suddenly that insatiable thirst for sympathy so characteristic of the sick. She longed for the tenderness ,the pity, the poor laboring man could bestow on her. She needed to dwell long in close proximity to this deep, disinterested sympathy. The sick cannot get enough of it. She longed to read it in his looks and in his whole face. For mere words she did not care.

"I like to see you here," she said. "Sit down here with me for awhile, and tell me how you have been getting along these last six years."

While he was talking, she lay there absorbing that nameless invisible something, which connected them like a magnetic current. She heard and she heard not. But a wonderful sympathy strengthened and refreshed her.

Meanwhile she was deeply impressed by what he told her. His narrative introduced her into the quarters of the laboring men, into a new world, full of budding expectations and newborn forces. How they longed and hoped! How they hated and how they suffered.

"How happy the oppressed are," she said.

Under the invigorating influence of returning vitality it appeared to her that this might mean something to her, who always needed some pressure and restraint to overcome in order to find life worth living.

"If I had been well," she said, "I might possibly have gone out there too. What a pleasure should it not have been to live and work with some one I loved."

Peter Nord was startled. Was not this the confession for which he had been waiting the whole time? "Oh, can you not live!" he pleaded, his whole face sparkling with hope.

She became attentive. "Is not this love?" she asked herself. "And now he thinks that I, too, am in love. What a fool that country boy is!"

She wished to bring him back to his senses at once, but there was an inexpressible something hovering over Peter Nord's head that victorious day, which checked her. She had not the heart to crush his glimmering hopes. She pitied him and let him remain in his illusions. "It matters nothing, as I am soon going to die, anyway," she said to herself.

But still she dismissed him, and when he asked for permission to call again, she emphatically forbade it. "But," she said, "remember our graveyard here on the mountain, Peter Nord. There you may go in a few weeks and offer thanks to Death for this day."

On his way from the garden Peter Nord met Halfvorson. He was walking up and down in despair, his

only consolation being the thought that Edith had been throwing the burden of remorse on the culprit's shoulders. It was only to see him overwhelmed by remorse that he had called him. But when he met the young laboring man he saw at a glance that Edith had not told him all. While the young man looked earnest, still he at the same time appeared brimful of intoxicating happiness.

"Has Edith now told you why her life is ebbing away?" said Halfvorson.

"No," said Peter Nord.

Halfvorson placed his hand on his shoulder as if to prevent him from escaping.

"You and your damned tricks will be the cause of her death. She was a little ill before, but it was nothing serious. No one expected her to die. But then you came up here with those three terrible ruffians, and they frightened her, while you were in my store. They chased her, and she ran away from them until she had hemorrhage of the lungs. But that was just what you wanted. You wished to take revenge on me by killing her. You wished to see me alone and unhappy, without a single soul around me to love me. You wanted to rob me of all my joy, all my happiness."

He was intent upon going on, heaping reproaches on Peter Nord, murdering him by curses; but his victim tore himself loose, and ran as if an earthquake had shaken the village and all the houses were about to crumble down.

(*Continued.*)

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

Some one will surely enjoy a novel published by J. B. Lippincott Co., entitled "Fate Knocks at the Door." I am going to read this book, because there is a great deal in it. I wish the style were less abrupt. On page 369 there is a creed that I like, beginning "I believe in the natural greatness of woman; I believe mothering is the loveliest of the arts; I believe when humanity rises to spiritual strength, woman will assume the ethical guiding of the race; I believe that the Holy Spirit of the Trinity is Mystic Motherhood, and the source of the Divine Principle in woman;" and considerable more of the same sort. It makes my mouth water for a good deal more motherhood in the world. We have got a great deal too much of the shallow pated woman who hates child bearing, and only cares, as Theodore Parker said "To straddle about." A poor sample of a woman is poor stuff indeed; but when we get a right down fine sweet-hearted mother we see about as much of God as we can apprehend. Yes, give the world over to women—but let them be real women. The author is W. L. Comfort.

"The Way of An Eagle," by E. M. Dell, comes from G. P. Putnam's Sons. There are some points in this book that I wish could be changed, but it is a good love story, and it contains some very good illustrations and demonstrations.

We are not to have a chance to vote for La Follette; that does not mean that he will not be placed in a position of broad influence. Mr. Wilson will undoubtedly see to that, for he is a man larger than his party. All the same read the last chapter in his autobiographical sketch in The American Magazine. You will admire the man more than ever, and you will understand how the American people need him in a place of power.

From G. P. Putnams Sons I have two more of Florence L. Barclay's books. They are about equal in literary ability, but from my standpoint I very much prefer "The Following of the Star" to "The Mistress of Shenstone." I do not like the very high keyed tragedy of the latter book. It is, however, in many ways a very wonderful production. I think that after you have read one of Mrs. Barclay's volumes, especially the "Rosary," you will want a full set, and you can get them at $1.35 each. "The Mistress of Shenstone" comes out all right in the story, and if it did not we would not forgive the author after so much of the taut emotion. "The Following of the Star," however, comes out so marvelously well that we take it as a personal matter. If David had died we would have burned up the book.

I have called your attention once to a set of books published by Sturgis & Walton Co., New York, called "The Farmer's Practical Library." The books are all small in size, easily handled and right to the point. The last volume sent me is "Roads, Paths and Bridges," by L. W. Page, president of The American Association for Highway Improvement. It is a well-written book, and very thorough. What it has to say on the "Earth Roads" is just now most important. The common pathmaster can do no better than to get this little book, and make a study of it; and as every farmer is liable to be a pathmaster, the book should have a wide reading. It costs only $.75, and is worth many times that.

The Open Court gives us this month "A Discussion of the Humanity of Jesus," and another on "Christian Missions in the Orient" that should bring this number very close to ordinary readers of religious literature. There are other articles of very special interest for those who are freely called free thinkers.

I wish that every reader of UNITY would get The Independent for July 18th, and read "The Fat Side of the Farm." It tells the story better than I ever saw it told before in print. Its editorials are handling the political questions with less strong bias for Mr. Taft, and on the whole is doing Mr. Wilson nearly as much good as if it fully advocated his election. By the way, between the three parties and the rub-a-dub-dub of a progressive campaign we are going to get more honesty and liberality and stability in our government than we could have achieved by ordinary campaigns in a hundred years.

E. P. POWELL.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—*Shakespeare, "As You Like It."*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL NOTES

My best inspiration in writing to you comes from the fact that Unity letters are read by many who have been sojourners on Tower Hill, and by many perhaps who would be sojourners here if they could.

Would that it were in my power to recall to the "have beens," or to picture to the "would bes" the ever varying and almost unrivalled charms of hill and sky and river on these gloriously cool, clear days of late July.

To the early comers this year, Tower Hill presented almost a pathetic sight. The rounded, well wooded hillsides and broad lawn at the foot looked dry and parched. The bark of the trees was brittle to the touch, branches waved in the air as if imploring the clouds to drop their burden of moisture, and after weeks of selfish resistance, they relented, the rain fell, the floods came and, Presto! Change! a new current of life set in. Tower Hill verdure has since drunk long, deep draughts, and never in its history can the foliage have been richer than it is now, making a veritable "beauty spot."

The joy of living and growing is in the air, and the desire to live wisely and well pervades all hearts.

Every day some new joy of nature is spread before us to be appreciated for and by itself. Sometimes it is the glory of the distant and near-by hills; sometimes the beauty of the clouds, and sometimes the light on the river that winds with slow dignity below the hill.

Sometimes the morning brings a keen, crisp air to tone up our flagging energies. On such days it is a pleasure to climb to the top of the hill to enjoy a sunrise, a sunset, or to get a more extended view of near and far-away hills; or to walk in little companies to some distant point of interest or beauty.

Five days of each week a goodly class has followed Mr. Jones through an intensely interesting and instructive series of lessons, or lectures, on the History and Practice of Religions from the oldest of civilizations to the Modern Mohammedanism, the limit of Second Year Work, the lessons being outlined with regard to pedagogical rather than chronological sequence.

The aim of the lessons has been intensive instead of extensive, and Mr. Jones has daily placed before the class a wealth of references for guidance in future independent study.

The Charles Dickens' lectures, on Monday evenings in the pavilion, have just ended. The subject of the first lecture was "Dickens, the Novelist," of the second, "Dickens, the Sociologist," and of the third, "Dickens, the Democrat."

We rejoice to know that the fourth lecture is on the way.

The Browning Class surprised itself, its friends, and its leader, by bringing to a successful close the ambitious undertaking of reading "Belaustions Adventure," and before enthusiasm could abate, attacking the part of "Aristophanes' Apology," which includes the magnificent drama of "Herakles." A reading of Pippa Passes poems and some from miscellaneous sources will fill the remaining evenings. These readings have been immensely enjoyed by all.

Three mornings in each week Miss Bertha M. Howe, the Science teacher, has led a jolly group of younger and older pupils abroad to study the plant, the bird, and the insect life of the Hill, and its environment. No happier combination for pleasure and profit was ever formed than this unique Nature Class that studies nature first hand.

Interesting people are coming and going all of the time, and consciously, or unconsciously, each one brings a message to Tower Hill. Sometimes it is a gracious personality that wins all hearts, sometimes it is a gifted mind that commands our respect, and sometimes we entertain an angel unawares.

Occasionally there comes to dwell among us a nature of extraordinary sweetness, with genius beyond the common lot, and with power to thrill our hearts with exquisite joy of the divine harmony that filled her own soul. No sweeter, happier message ever came to Tower Hill than was borne by Miss Edith Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll Brown of Indianapolis, whose recent untimely death has bereaved us of a sweet musician and beloved comrade.

A HUMBLE MESSENGER.

Tower Hill, Wis., Jully 31, 1912.

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